

## The Critic

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### Canada in Fiction.

NEITHER in European nor in American fiction is Canada yet recognized; and to be unrecognized in fiction is to be unknown. Until Canada produces a novelist whose gifts compel recognition abroad, she will remain unknown to foreign writers, as were the United States before the days of Cooper and Irving. So far she has produced no novelist who has won recognition even within her own borders. Mr. Bagehot has remarked that it is a great advance in civilization to be able to describe the common facts of life; and perhaps, he adds, if we were to examine it we should find that it was at least an equal advance to wish to describe them. Mr. Bagehot was speaking of history, but an application of his words to fiction would not be out of place. Although Canada is as old in civilization as the United States, yet her people seem still unable to describe the common facts of life, to produce artistic studies of themselves, and—what is a matter of more concern—there seems to be no desire to do so. A civilized people, possessing neither the ability nor the wish to describe and study themselves, cannot reasonably expect to be described and studied by foreigners; but this very inability and this absence of the desire for the ability are facts curious enough to excite the attention of thinking men, and to make the study of such a people both politically and psychologically interesting.

I have often been surprised—considering that Canada is divided from the United States but by a paper line, and that the mutual intercourse between the two peoples is considerable and ever-increasing—to find how little Americans seem to know of Canadians. Strange and wonderful are the ideas of Uncle Sam concerning the climate of Canada. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner thinks our intellectual inactivity is to be accounted for by the eccentricity of the thermometer. Our mental parts are stupefied by the cold. So much time is spent in trying to keep warm that none is left for reading, study and literary production. In short, Mr. Warner would have his many readers believe that Canadians are not only intellectually but physically impaired by the climate. May I venture to suggest that this amiable and amusing writer should take the trouble to assure himself of the truth of his statements before giving them publicity—especially through such a widely-read medium as *Harper's Magazine*? Whatever Canadians may be intellectually, physically they are the inferiors of no people under the sun. In attributing our literary torpidity to the climate Mr. Warner is equally at fault. The intellect is not stupefied, but stimulated, by our clear, bracing winters. Spenser personifies winter as a miserable old man, and Mr. Warner must have had this picture in his mind's eye. But I beg leave to differ with him; and, to adopt certain recent words of Mr. Edgar Fawcett, I feel confident that 'experience has equipped me notably and exceptionally' for the task of forming ideas concerning the climate of my native land. Having sojourned in different parts of Canada, and travelled sufficiently in other countries to be able to draw comparisons, I should,

were I but gifted with poetic expression, lift up my voice in song, honoring and praising our 'seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night.' I should compose a Winter-evening Hymn to my Fire. Of all the poems Mr. Lowell has given us, perhaps I love this one the best. What is more suggestive of sweet study of letters, of the gentle mingling of intellect and heart, than these lines to his fire?—

What warm protection dost thou lend  
Round curtained talk of friend with friend,  
While the gray snow-storm, held aloof  
To softest outline rounds the roof;  
Or the rude North, with baffled strain,  
Shoulders the frost-starred window pane!

Here the cold plays no part save as a cause for the inspiring fire, 'the sweetly unobtrusive third' that beyond wine has 'magic to unlock natures each to each.' The gray snow-storm is held aloof; the whistling winds and swaying, creaking, snow-laden trees do by their contrast but enhance the warmth and glow within. And, let me add, when in winter the Canadian goes forth he 'mixes his blood with sunshine' and 'takes the wind into his pulses,' with as much relish and benefit as in the glad spring-time and summer. If it be said that Mr. Lowell is singing in a milder clime, I can but assure the doubter that a peep into a Canadian drawing-room would not reveal the occupants huddling together over the fire, rubbing each other and otherwise trying to stimulate the blood's circulation. Should they be dancing, it is not because they are cold but because they love to do so; indeed, it is more than probable that several windows would be open, and the more lively maidens sitting on the window-sills. Furthermore, a peep into a Canadian study or library would not reveal a shivering, blue-faced student. No: rather would the student, if he were there, be fairly purring with physical comfort and enjoyment. Is it not Leigh Hunt who speaks of the delightful feeling of the warm fire at his feet? If the green boughs which he loved to have about his study windows were, for two or three months in the year, softly rounded with snow, and snapping, sparkling icicles depended therefrom, would not the boughs inspire more varied feelings and emotions?

The notion that the cultivation of letters is hampered in Canada by the climate is absurd. Were the Canadians like the Eskimo, dwellers in the region of perpetual snow and ice, there might be some ground for such a notion. Her humble political status is the principal cause of Canada's literary feebleness. As a colony she possesses neither the higher attributes nor the graver responsibilities of national existence; and where such attributes and responsibilities are wanting national life and feeling, the source and inspiration of all literary achievements, will equally be wanting. In the political life of a colony there is nothing to fire the imagination, nothing to arouse enthusiasm, nothing to appeal to national pride. Our politicians may be ambitious, but, in the words of Burke, they have not sanctified their ambition by advancing the dignity of the people. The necessary narrowness of colonial views in politics is sapping the very mind of the country. In the councils of nations a colonist has no voice. He is practically a man without a country. He is ignored.

Politically insignificant, the colonist is also socially scorned. To the general understanding the word colony seems to suggest pathetic vicissitudes, hampering restrictions, log-huts, horse-hair furniture, and raiment of antique cut and design. Bacon says that the people wherewith you plant colonies ought to be gardeners, ploughmen, laborers, smiths, carpenters, joiners, fishermen, fowlers, with some apothecaries, surgeons, cooks and bakers. And to this day a colony is popularly supposed to have advanced little beyond the agricultural stage of civilization, and to be peopled almost exclusively with folk whose social estimation is but little higher than that of farmers and fishermen, cooks and bakers. Hence the desire of the more discreet and worldly-

wise colonists not to proclaim their nativity when venturing out of their own domain. It has been remarked that Canadians of fashion are ashamed of their country. To acknowledge oneself a colonist requires more moral courage than most fashionable folk possess. Those novelists whose delight is in moralizing would find in this little weakness an excellent opportunity to display their powers. I have somewhere heard or read the history of a beautiful maiden whose distinguished colonial parentage and connection led her to believe that in England her social position would be assured. But on visiting the mother-country she was surprised and pained to find that there colonial bishops and other locally eminent personages are not regarded with that deference and consideration which they enjoy at home. Canadians, however, once had a champion in the person of Mr. Hume. During one of the debates in the Imperial Parliament, on the Insurrection of 1837, it is related by Justin McCarthy that Sir Robert Peel referred to the principal leader in upper Canada as 'a Mr. Mackenzie.' Resenting this way of speaking of a prominent colonist, Mr. Hume remarked that there 'might be a Mr. Mackenzie as there might be a Sir Robert Peel.' But Mr. Hume is dead.

It has been observed by an English writer that Americans regard the Canadians with a kind of half-contemptuous indifference. But the adoption of a fiscal policy closely resembling that of the United States, and the opening of the great Northwest by the Canadian Pacific Railway, have been the means of turning this indifference into a mild and gently expectant interest. The Carnival at Montreal revealed to many of the sons and daughters of America the fact that Canadians were not a nation of farmers and fishermen. In the Canadian drawing-room the cultivated American feels himself in a congenial atmosphere. To soften his comments on the feebleness of our intellects, Mr. Warner declares that there are no nobler or more hospitable people in the world than the Canadians. He gracefully speaks of the delightful mingling of Gallic genius and *esprit*—of the social qualities so charmingly developed. But, alas! the literary qualities are not equally developed. A few lifeless histories of the several provinces, a few dull biographies of noted politicians, a few stray essays on economico-political and scientific subjects, comprise the English-Canadian literature. But fiction has no part, although materials for this department of letters are to be found in rich abundance.

I stretch out my hands to the American writer of fiction. I ask him to come over and describe us—the supposed Children of the Ice-King. I ask him to make use, in his skilful way, of the abundant materials which a little seeking will disclose. I ask him to paint us as we are—the dark side and the light, our aspirations blighted, our minds dulled by political narrowness and obscurity; but not altogether lacking in grace and refinement of manners, and with real hearts of flesh and blood beating in our hyperborean bosoms.

T.—A CANADIAN.

### Reviews

#### "Pepita Ximenez."\*

THE appearance in this country of a translation from the Spanish of the work of Juan Valera, so popular in his own country and so widely translated into other languages, would in any case be of interest; but additional interest is given to the story issued by the Appletons from the fact that the author was but recently the representative of his Government to our own, and has written a special introduction to the American edition of his popular story. We find the book as interesting as we expected, if not exactly what we expected. It is a very entertaining, and moreover a very artistic, piece of work, full of a quaint and delicate humor, and of shrewd insight into varied human character. It is one of the stories which give evidence of special liter-

ary skill in dealing with a point of view so clearly not the author's own that the imaginative force of the creation is a particular success. It does not profess to be a novel of incident or plot, and as a study of character and influence it is one of those subtle bits of work that reveal processes rather than results, and interest by showing us how a nature became what it finally was. The point of view is that of a sincere, frank, gentle-natured young fellow, trained for the priesthood, but becoming the devoted slave of a fascinating woman, who in her turn is a sincere, gentle-natured, frank young creature, not addicted by nature to wiles or coquetties. The young man tells the story, recording it from day to day as events ripen; and the priestly serenity of his style, in minutely noting the slow and gradual change of his point of view, is delicious. His unconscious self-deceptions, his hopeless entanglement, his bewildered struggle to be true to his original purpose, are none the less effective for being arranged for the reader as a delicate comedy rather than as high tragedy. Nothing could be more enjoyable than the quiet record of his daily experiences with the charming widow, one of the best bits being the picnic ride, when the youthful candidate for the priesthood appears on a sedate donkey with the rest of his party, expecting the fair widow to appear similarly provided, only to be mortified, bewildered, and of course more charmed than ever, when she appears on a spirited prancing horse, in a bewitching riding-habit.

The book so far is a collection of delightful little *genre* pictures, so vivid, though only given in words, that each page is like an illustration by Abbey or Hugh Thompson. It is a pity, therefore, that the author permits himself finally the passionate climax which is supposed to bring matters to a crisis. The dramatic value of sin is greatly overrated. The final episode in no way enhances the effectiveness, and is a blot on the otherwise pretty little idyl. The victory of the widow would have been just as effective if she had triumphed legitimately, and that neither she nor he had contemplated what resulted from momentary impulse and thoughtlessness does not save the catastrophe from being a humiliating close to the conflict. Moreover, the perfect light-heartedness with which the catastrophe is accepted by all concerned as a successful issue from all the difficulties, offends not only the Puritan English taste, but the artistic sense. As a rule, a man does not care to marry a woman who allows him to wrong her. Guilty lovers who continue to love each other when their love is no longer guilty, may be counted on the fingers of a very few hands. The light comedy of the struggle between priestly training and human nature is pleasing; but the author has hopelessly disfigured his work by treating with the same light comedy what should only be touched in fiction, as in life, with the grave severity of 'The Scarlet Letter.' 'Now that I have wronged her, they will have to let me marry her,' is the gleeful feeling of the young man who need no longer give himself to the priesthood, and whom, up to this point, we have liked so well. Moreover, good as it is in its way, the book is certainly injured by the pompous preface. Clever as it is, the story is certainly not in any sense a novel; it is simply what artists call a 'study': an ingenious and pleasing rendering of a single episode in a man's career. The episode is an important one, it is true; but a 'novel' never revolves on its own axis alone. The author gives in his preface a very elaborate impression of the profundity of his efforts. It is not easy to see what he means by his allusions to the 'transcendentalism' of his book, nor by his mention of the great works he has studied to prepare himself for writing 'Pepita,' and of the effect it has produced as a study of great religious revolutions, etc. One would expect from the preface some great work chronicling changes in Church and State; whereas the book merely relates how a young man who meant to be a priest decided to marry—an incident which might happen in any country at any time, and has absolutely nothing to do with religious reforms or dogmas.

\* Pepita Ximenez. From the Spanish of Juan Valera. 50 cts. New York: D. Appleton & Co.



"A Handbook of Poetics."\*

To all who contemplate 'sporting with Amaryllis in the shade, or with the tangles of Neæra's hair'—in other words, invoking the English muse,—this little volume of Prof. Gummere's on practical 'poetics' will be valuable and stimulating. Schipper's great work on English metres has not yet been translated, Dr. Guest's and Sidney Lanier's books are burdened with a theory, Ten Brink is unsatisfactory, and Ellis and Child are epochal and incomplete. A clear, succinct, sympathetic and yet scientific treatment of English verse, historically considered, and written with a view to the practical illustration of its mechanism and construction, was much needed, not only as a supplement to our books on rhetoric, but as a book of reference for intending poets—folk who felt their bosoms heaving with *worte* without the accompanying *lieder*, and who only needed such a book to make their *lieder ohne worte* rush into spontaneous and melodious song. Prof. Gummere, who is known to technical English scholars as a diligent and intelligent student of Old English, has generously supplied this want; and to his own researches he has added all the help possible to be derived from Wackernagel and the new German, English, and American school of writers on metre. His volume is divided into three parts. Part I. treats of Subject Matter: Epic, Lyric, Dramatic Poetry; Part II. of Style (figures, tropes, etc.); Part III. of Metre in the abstract, Metres of English Verse (Anglo-Saxon, Chaucerian, Shakspearian, Modern), the Stanza, the Sonnet, and the French Forms of Verse. Under all these heads, abundant illustrations make plain the text and definitions; and the 'rich stream of music winds along' margined by clear practical rule and remark for its control and variation. The section on French verse-forms—*triolet*, *villanelle*, *ballade*, *chant royal*, *rondel*—is entirely too brief, considering the vogue of these graceful and difficult measures. Students of such exotics must turn to Grammont's 'La Prosodie Française' or to the painstaking Teutons whose 'ears' are not 'sated with a faint breath of music.' Such verse-forms are like the confectioner's architecture—sweet, luscious, but fragile; liable any moment to tumble into appetizing ruins, and yet perpetually provoking the inclinations of the versifier.

"Wanted—A Sensation."†

THIS is a clever and very entertaining story of the straits to which the successful newspaper correspondent is put to secure, not so much news, as something another correspondent cannot get. It is, of course, a 'take-off'; and it is none the less strikingly a take-off that a tragedy is connected with it, and that a suicide results from the newspaper man's eagerness to secure a startling paragraph. The situation is most ingeniously worked up, and the journalist's willingness to let the greatest sinner escape detection for the sake of securing the means to stab in the dark another offender whose deeds will surprise the readers of his paper more, is another strong feature of the vivid picture presented of the degrading influence on the best of minds of the public rage for 'news.' Slushington is not a bad fellow, and is far above taking a bribe to shield a villain from discovery; but he is not above letting the villain off at the price of his information about another man for the benefit of *The New York Morning Era*. Bribery? No indeed! But steal a warrant, get information by false representations, let off the culprit and buy his ticket for him to Montreal, stab in the back, by a paragraph in the *Era*, a man who has hitherto been respectable, and who is still respectable enough to commit suicide from his horror at disgrace when he reads the morning paper—all this will Slushington do, if he can only find out before Badger of *The New*

*York Morning Trumpet*, that the Rev. Samuel Hurd, D.D., is a hypocrite and a scoundrel. The story is not only very readable, but exhibits a good deal of artistic skill.

"The Story of Germany."\*

ANY series of books, however carefully edited, but written by different persons, will necessarily be of uneven merit. This is to be seen in nearly all the many series which a fashion of the time in publishing gives to us in such abundance. Some of the writers will do their best work, out of a pure love of their subjects, and because they understand them; others will do only hack-work, which they will turn off in the most hasty manner. This can be seen in the Putnam's series called the Story of the Nations, in which the works on Greece, Chaldaea and Norway are books of real merit, and supply a genuine need. As an illustration, in the same series, of the hack-work kind of book, Baring-Gould's 'Story of Germany,' is a good illustration. It has little real merit of any kind, so far as the authorship is concerned. It was evidently written to order, with a curious effort at making it a child's work, and with an almost entire lack of continuity in its earlier chapters. The purpose of this series of books, as we understand it, was to furnish brief and trustworthy histories of the leading nations of ancient and modern times, of a kind suitable to young people. In his attempt to realize this idea, Mr. Baring-Gould writes as if his young people were mere babes, needing to be treated to milk-and-water. A true standard in this respect was reached in the volume on Chaldaea, which was a true summary of the subject, in simple language, but with no writing down to the minds of infants. That book could be read with profit by even the expert student of ancient history; but no mature mind would care to peruse many chapters of Baring-Gould's 'Germany.' Another serious defect in the work is its lack of continuity and perspective. It gives no continuous and distinct impression of the origin of Germany as a nation, and of its development into a great European power. It presents a series of tableaux, very pleasing to look upon in themselves; but their relations to each other are not made clear. The volume is furnished with a carefully prepared index, the usual maps, and numerous excellent illustrations.

Three Works in Philosophy.†

THERE are many signs that the interest in philosophy has not entirely passed away, though the men of science so often tell us that it has. If there were no other evidence than the number of philosophical works published from year to year, this would of itself be sufficient. In fact, there is a revived interest in philosophical questions at the present time, and one that is very inquisitive and vigorous in its expression. To give this study a solid foundation it needs to root itself in the thinking of Greece. For this purpose no better elementary work can be found than Dr. Edward Zeller's 'Outlines of the History of Greek Philosophy,' translated by Miss Alleyne and Evelyn Abbott (1). It is a work of philosophic grasp and skill, based on a thorough familiarity with the subject, and written in a style clear and direct. It not only contains the substance of Dr. Zeller's larger works, but it was written later, and with the fresh insights of more extended investigations. For college use or private reading it is undoubtedly the best work of brief compass that can be had on the subject.

A work of quite a different character as to its methods is President John Bascom's 'Problems in Philosophy' (2). In this volume the author has brought together a dozen

\* A Handbook of Poetics for Students of English Verse. By F. G. Gummere, Ph.D. \$1.10. Boston: Ginn & Co.

† Wanted—A Sensation. By Edward S. Van Zile. 25 cts. New York: Cassell's Rainbow Series.

\* The Story of Germany. By Sabine Baring-Gould, with the Collaboration of Arthur Gilman. \$1.50. (The Story of the Nations.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† 1. Outlines of the History of Greek Philosophy. By Dr. Edward Zeller. Translated with the Author's sanction by Sarah Frances Alleyne and Evelyn Abbott. \$1.75. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 2. Problems in Philosophy. By John Bascom. \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 3. The Logic of Introspection; or, Method in Mental Science. By Rev. J. B. Wentworth, D.D. \$2.00. New York: Phillips & Hunt.

papers on the most vital philosophical questions of the day, all of which he treats with vigor and an earnest purpose. Among the subjects he discusses are the relativity of knowledge, spontaneity and causation, universality of law, being, and other kindred topics. His treatment of these is in his usual manner, not displaying the profound acumen of the great thinker, but in the more familiar style of the general student. His attitude is progressive, but not radical; based on a rejection of agnosticism and positivism, and with a desire to reach a true spiritual philosophy. The philosophical student will find these papers fresh and suggestive, not giving him any essentially new conclusions, but presenting rather the results of the thinking of a cultivated and intelligent mind, eager for the best results of reason.

A work of far less merit than either of these is 'The Logic of Introspection,' by J. B. Wentworth. The author attempts to give a true logic of method in mental science, and he makes an energetic defense of the introspective or intuitional method. A large part of his work is taken up with combating Dr. McCosh, whose Scottish philosophy he cannot abide. As a simple and homely statement of the intuitional philosophy, and its grounds for being, this work may have a purpose; but it has little original merit.

#### Ruskiniana.\*

PARTS XI. and XII. ('Christ Church Choir' and 'Roslyn Chapel') complete Vol. I. of Ruskin's 'Præterita' (1)—one of the most perfect bits of volumed *causerie* in the English language. The chief characteristic of the volume is incomparable trifling, magical self-portraiture built of delicate autobiographic lines like those of an etcher's needle, piquant egoisms, profound flashes of insight and self-characterization. 'Præterita' is a shrine erected 'à moi,' gilded with golden lights and sweet with perpetual incense. In it shines the glowing image of Ruskin, forever illuminated: the babyhood, the boyhood, the travels, the books, the loves, the antipathies, the intellectual life, the religious and pictorial hope—truly a 'Roslyn Chapel,' wherein 'blazes every rose-carved buttress fair.' Wonderful portraits emerge from the twilight of 'Christ Church Choir'—portraits of 'chums' and deans, of fellow-students and tutors, of Oxford cloister life and its memorable figures; and in 'Roslyn Chapel' more lovely girl-loves are touched upon, and Ruskin's reverential worship of women comes out in much beautiful speech. The first three chapters of Vol. II. are respectively entitled 'Of Age,' 'Rome,' and 'Cumæ.' The family are undertaking another Continental 'travaille' (in the style of Sir John Maundeville) occasioned by Ruskin's suddenly spitting blood in his last year at Oxford. They transfer themselves bag and baggage from England to Italy, where they winter in Rome and Naples. Ruskin is in a peculiarly morbid and irritable condition: he enjoys nothing but the society of Joseph Severn (Keats's friend) and George Richmond, until the Alps flash on him in the homeward journey, and his lungs inhale the atmosphere of spruce and glacier. There is a meander to Venice, a 'divagation' to Vesuvius, but nothing healing or helpful till the high Alps loom in sight and the languid Italian air passes away. Quotations from his diary at the time already reveal wonderful power of description in the youth—a power queer, tortuous, full of eyes as a peacock's tail, wherein glimpses of 'Modern Painters' are everywhere visible. He speaks of himself at this time as a 'tad-pole, all stomach, with a little tail, and a pair of good eyes.'

In 'Art: a Ruskin Anthology' (2), compiled by W. S. Kennedy, we have many of the precious thoughts of Ruskin on the graphic arts—painting, engraving, architecture, sculpture—collated by Mr. Kennedy. Ruskin perhaps suffers less by this flower-plucking than any other writer, for

his pages are full of dazzling surprises—of flashing *penées*,—which have no more to do with their surroundings than an Alaska garnet with the mica schist in which it is embedded. Such as these Mr. Kennedy has chosen and strung together—a necklace of mocking or melodious or graphic thoughts on the fine arts.—In 'Val d'Arno' (3) we have ten lectures on Tuscan art, delivered before the University of Oxford in 1873. In these lectures Ruskin shows the same matchless interpretative power, the same richness of thought and imagination, the same poetry and gift of statement which run through the Autobiography, the same Pindaric audacities of phrase as in *Fors*.

#### Stevenson's "Kidnapped."\*

THERE must be a wee drop of De Foe's blood in Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's veins, for a more De Foe-like book, for peril and circumstantiality, than his 'Kidnapped' we have not read for many a day. All that the Germans call *Objektivität* (with a big O) is there, and more too. There is skilful adventure skilfully told; hairbreadth escape; thrilling episode by fell and muir; and sharp delineative insight and eyesight in the bits of vivid landscape-drawing with which it abounds. Everything is as clear in this drawing as the work of the etcher's needle: no 'dim distances' or indistinct Turnerian effects. The fertility of Mr. Stevenson invalid (for one hears continually of his illness) argues wonderfully for the fertility of Mr. Stevenson well. If these are the amber drops that come from the sick man, then all we devoutly pray is that his convalescence may be long, and his relapses frequent. 'Kidnapped' is a story of great picturesqueness and power in its way. The evil uncle, the feuds of the Stuarts and Hanoverians about the year '45, the kidnapping of David himself, the wild and vivid flashes of Highland scenery intermingled with the dialogues and adventures, all make up a picture replete with dramatic vicissitude. While here and there the language appears a little too modern for its period (1751), we can overlook the philological inaccuracies in the general wealth of racy detail, the vigorous character-drawing, and the effective realization of Scotch life and scenery in the last century. David Balfour is first cousin to Robinson Crusoe in brawn and bravery, if not in resource and in ingenuity. Both castaways strive brilliantly with evil fortune, both come off ultimately victorious. One is the *imberbis juvenis*, the other is the experienced sailor and seaman. David runs through his brief Highland epic with the blood of youth all a-bubble in his heart; Robinson is the great martyr of the seas, the Odysseus of modern times. Both eventually 'come into their kingdom,' but the route to that consummation is different. All who read 'Kidnapped' will rejoice in its graphic realism, its heartiness of touch, its 'eerie power,' as James Payn has it, and its incontestable genius.

#### Minor Notices

ARTEMAS WARD once remarked, with that fine union of kindness and justice which characterizes all true critics, that Chaucer was a great poet, but he couldn't spell. Mr. William Henry Burr, of Washington, is not so magnanimous; for he has written a pamphlet (Brentano Bros.) containing 'Proof that Shakspeare could not Write,' chirographically, and also maintaining that he did not write, even by the aid of an amanuensis or type-writer, for: 'In 1872 we first read Nathaniel Holmes's "Authorship of Shakspeare"; since then we have never entertained a reasonable doubt that Bacon was the author of the plays.' We—Mr. Burr's 'editorial we' is catching—confess ourselves predisposed in favor of his theory, being half convinced, from former familiarity with their holographs, that the late Dean Stanley, Canon Kingsley, Rufus Choate, and Horace Greeley were so unfamiliar with Gaskell's Compendium as to be obnox-

\* 1. *Præterita*. Being the Autobiography of John Ruskin. Vol. I., Chaps. XI, XII. Vol. II. Chaps. I, II, III. 25 cents per chapter. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 2. *Art: A Ruskin Anthology*. 25 cents. New York: J. B. Alden. 3. *Val d'Arno*. Being ten Oxford Lectures on Tuscan Art. By John Ruskin. \$1. New York: John Wiley & Sons.

\* *Kidnapped: Being Memoirs of the Adventures of David Balfour in the Year 1751*. By Robert Louis Stevenson. \$1.00. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



ious to the charge that they 'could not write.' We prefer, however, to wait for Mr. Burr's forthcoming 'book of 300 pages or more,' proving Bacon a good man, as well as the author of Shakspeare's Sonnets, before expressing a more definite opinion. Mr. Burr is the author of a book entitled 'Junius Unmasked,' which he samples in another pamphlet called 'Thomas Paine was Junius.' Here, however, we venture to take a firm stand against him. James Russell Lowell once remarked to the late Charles F. Briggs that the Baconian theory of the authorship of Shakspeare was settled in his mind by the known fact that Bacon wrote the alleged 'poem' entitled 'Life.' On a similar line of defence we urge our readers to sample Paine's 'Crisis' papers or 'The Age of Reason' (with an antidote near at hand), and then read a bit of Junius. We are willing to leave the result to their own consciences.

IN HIS ramble 'Through the Year with the Poets' (Lothrop) Mr. Adams now comes to July, the last of Herrick's 'four sweet months,' when Nature seems to pause in her busy round, too languid for further exertion, and sit for a time with folded hands. The year is at its poise; the promised fruits are ripening beneath its full leafage; the scarlet cardinals and flaming poppies nod dreamily to the lazy breeze; the cooing ring-doves ever and anon give forth delusive premonitions of the hoped-for rain; disappointing clouds fleck the warm blue deep, and 'slumberous silence steeps the summer noon.' The poets sing of all this, and more, and their vivid picturings of this hot-breathing month only add intenseness to the sultry reality. Let us shelve this volume to be conned with fuller delight by the fireside when December's sleet and snow make music upon the casement.—REV. CHAS. W. WENDTE'S 'The Carol' (Cincinnati: John Church Co.) is a clearly printed and attractive little book of musical worship. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Miss Alcott, Susan Coolidge, Hezekiah Butterworth, Rev. Samuel Longfellow, and other well-known writers, contribute the verse, while the music, original and selected, is by well-known composers. It contains hymns, chorals, carols and anthems from English and German sources, combining old favorites with new songs. A feature of the collection is the publication of a large number of musical pieces for church festivals and other special occasions.

ADMIRAL PORTER'S 'Incidents and Anecdotes of the Civil War' (Appleton) is a collection of sailors' yarns concerning historical subjects. Some of them are good, some very poor, and all very long. Of the Admiral's skill and gallantry as a naval leader there is no question. But of late years he has employed his idle moments in writing four-volume novels, in which his success has not been very marked. Now he comes forward with a volume of naval anecdotes which told singly in conversation would not be without interest, but told by the score in several hundred pages are somewhat tedious; and compared with the admirable and universally read memoirs of Grant and Sherman—his compeers in the Civil War—they cannot but be considered as below the dignity both of the subject and the author.—'GREAT LIVES,' by Rev. J. I. Mombert, D.D. (Leach, Shewell & Sanborn), is intended as a course of history in biographies, on the text from Archdeacon Farrar, that 'the history of the world can be found in the history of a dozen names.' There are more than a dozen names represented in the volume, as the book begins with Hercules and ends with General Grant; but they are all representative names, and the concise account of these memorable lives is admirably calculated to impress upon the mind the salient points of each career. The book is interesting to read, and valuable as a book of reference to keep.—'THE CRUISE OF THE ALABAMA' (Riverside Paper Series) is a lively and entertaining account of this historic vessel, written by one of the crew and retaining the raciness of nautical vernacular in the relation of momentous events.—

'FRATERNITY PAPERS,' by Edward Henry Elwell (Portland: Elwell, Pickard & Co.), is a collection of essays originally written to be read before a club. They are pleasant reading, and several of them abound in witty and unhackneyed anecdotes.

'THE THOUGHT OF GOD, in Hymns and Poems,' by Frederick L. Hosmer and William C. Gannett (Roberts Brothers), is worthy of more attractive external dress than the brown paper covers in which it comes forth. For, superabundant as religious poetry is in these prolific days, one rarely has the good fortune to meet with anything quite equal to these choice utterances of two devout souls. A charm so delicate as to be indescribable pervades the whole, and makes the first perusal a delight whose repetition never wearies. It is not the charm of novelty, for here are the old, old thoughts, which have perplexed, or comforted, or uplifted many a child of earth, through the ages. But few have had the gift of voicing them so melodiously, so touchingly, so aptly. These exquisite verses at once recall the loftiest poetic breathings of Keble and Faber, with whose 'Christian Year' and 'Hymns' they merit a place. To the busy plodder along the dusty highways of traffic they come with that 'power to quiet the restless pulse of care' of which he should oftener avail himself.—WILLIAM W. HOW, Bishop Suffragan of Bedford, for East London, has put into a volume of some 270 pages (E. & J. B. Young & Co.) poems and hymns written at various dates during the last forty-two years. Many of them—and the best—are inspired by out-door nature, for which the Bishop has a Wordsworthian fondness. The Alps, a thunder-cloud, mountain pansies, Christmas holly, the first spring day, and similar themes call forth his most graceful strains. Other verses are based upon incidents occurring in his ministry, both grave and ludicrous. The sonnets, nine in number, entitled 'My Clergy,' are admirable character-sketches. The hymns are adapted to various occasions in the church year, and in general are marked by their smooth-flowing versification and appropriate sentiment.

#### Recent Fiction.

'JO'S OPPORTUNITY' (Harper) is another of Mrs. Lillie's excellent books for girls, very prettily illustrated. One of the pictures, where the children are listening to the teacher's stories, is a little gem. The story is of the good done by a little thoughtful care for a street waif, and it neither exaggerates the evil to be corrected nor the ease with which it was corrected; being a natural, suggestive, and interesting little tale, showing the difficulty as well as the triumph of working out the evil effects of unfortunate heredity and environment. It is, in its way, quite dramatic, as Mrs. Lillie always introduces a little excitement, which in this case takes the form of burglars and a trial for murder.—'THE CHILDREN OF OLD PARK'S TAVERN,' by Frances A. Humphrey (Harper), is a very pretty, original, and varied little story for young people, the scene of which is laid in southern Massachusetts about forty years ago. It contains a good deal of striking incident; and yet, as the author says, wonderful things do sometimes happen even in real life, and the story never loses a certain sane, temperate, healthful quality, good for young readers to feel and see.—'LOVE AND LUCK,' by Robert Barnwell Roosevelt (Harper), is a story of the summer's adventures of a party cruising about in the Great South Bay. The adventures are those of an entire family—father, mother, sisters, brothers, lovers, children and all; but they are so realistic as to be merely commonplace, and hardly better worth chronicling than the so-called 'adventures' of any of us during the vacation season.

'MISS MELINDA'S OPPORTUNITY' (Roberts Brothers) is one of Helen Campbell's admirable stories, written unmistakably with a purpose—and a good purpose—but as full of

shrewd observation and ready delineation of salient character as if intended only to entertain. Miss Melinda herself is a delightful creation; and her 'Opportunity' is Mrs. Campbell's own opportunity to plead for the sorrows of poor working-girls who need a home—not the Home with a capital H and a Board of Directors, but the household hearth for a few, which love and capacity can build even round a gas-stove.—'GOLDEN MEDIOCRITY,' by Eugénie Hamerton (Roberts Brothers), is a pleasantly written French and English story, in which the differing customs of the two nationalities are well brought out. It is quite unpretentious, but interesting; and its moral is an excellent one, advocating the French contentment with a little, rather than the English ambition for a great deal which includes a great deal of risk and much tedious waiting.—HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. have wisely included in their Riverside Paper Series 'Pilot Fortune,' by Marian C. L. Reeves and Emily Read. It is not only a very charming story, but it is especially adapted to the season, being full of a rare breeziness and freshness, and as the story of a fishing-village giving a fine sense of the salt sea air in its literary flavor.—IN THE same series appears Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's 'Burglars in Paradise,' a sequel to 'The Old Maid's Paradise.' It is a bright story, fit for a summer's day, not hard to read, but making one feel that the time has not been misspent which is devoted to its pages. It has the quality and the originality of all Miss Phelps's work, with much of wit and sparkle.

THE reader who should be told merely the concomitants of the story of 'Double Cuning,' by George Manville Fenn (Appleton), would never believe in the exceeding interest of what is without doubt a very sensational tale. It must be read to be appreciated, and it certainly will be read to the very last line by any one who begins it. It is the story of a man kidnapped by villains who are after his money, and who, giving out that he is insane, confine him for over a year in the most frightful seclusion, to make him sign away his property. The ingenuity of the story, its apparent naturalness even in the most exciting scenes, and the unconquerable pluck of the hero in holding out, with just the light little touch of better human nature even in the villains at the close, make this a decidedly readable book. One of the best points in it is the indubitable success of the miscreants. No device for rescue has the slightest chance of success, and the worst would happen if—but we must not tell; read the story and see. That the victim's horrible seclusion was not wholly a seclusion, but that the world was sometimes admitted only to be persistently hoodwinked, is one of the ingenious points of the plot. The story illustrates vividly, and without stretching the truth, the horrible ease with which a false accusation of insanity can be sustained.

'THE PHANTOM CITY,' by William Westall (Cassell & Co.), reads like a fairy-tale as a story of adventure; but as the scene is laid in Central America, one remembers what recent discoverers have found and suffered in that wonderful country, and hesitates to say 'impossible!' The article on Yucatan, by Mrs. Le Plongeon, in *Harper's* last year, mentioned many of the places noted in 'The Phantom City'; and Mrs. Le Plongeon has since given in her lectures on Yucatan in this city a picture of actual experience in that country which makes almost anything said about it in fiction seem credible.—'SNOWED UP,' 'A Race for Life,' 'Who Took It?' 'My Night Adventure' and other stories, are recent issues in Cassell's Select Library, consisting of short tales by different authors. They are chiefly little love-stories of a light order, but a few are tales of adventure.—'MR. DESMOND, U.S.A.,' by John Coulter, (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.) is a story of garrison life at Fort Leavenworth; but its chief incident is a social one, as hackneyed alas! in life as in literature, but in no

way peculiar to military life, and not treated here with any new insight or helpfulness.—'THE ROMANCE of the Lilies,' by Charles Howard Montague (Boston: W. I. Harris & Co.), is an exceedingly foolish story of a highly sensational type, very dull in spite of its extravagant sensationalism.

## To the Dead.

### I.

#### TO ALL.

WE say ye sleep—but light your sleep, meseems,  
We call ye silent—when your undertone  
Threads all this world's exultance, wrath, and moan,  
Ye lifeless dead, with whom this sad earth teems!  
Are these your voices mixed with troubled streams?  
Is this your speech, in ancient tongues unknown,  
Through twilight fields and darkling wood-ways blown?  
Have ye the winds of heaven to serve your schemes?

O aye increasing, far outnumbering host,  
Crowd not so close our handful breathing clan:—  
This moment ye are distant but a span,  
Such as Ulysses kept on that stern coast  
Where round the warm libation, lips all wan,  
With clamor shrill, came many a thirsting ghost!

### II.

#### TO ONE.

Thou movest in their front, serene, serene!  
How smilest thou, as one not knowing yet  
That he is Death's—the rose and violet  
(Not asphodel) about thy temples seen.  
Now with drawn spirit-sword I stand between  
Thee and the murmuring shades that so beset:  
Be thy lips only with the offering wet;  
Then speak!—where goest thou? where hast thou been?

In vain, in vain! for, wavering through the gloom,  
Thou art become stream, forest, hill . . . and now  
It is the evening star that masks thy brow.  
Gone art thou, gone the rose and violet bloom,  
And the unnumbered shades their sway resume:  
Shall all the dead speak to me—and not thou!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

## The Lounger

COQUELIN, *ainé*, who is coming here next January, is very nervous about his reception. I don't think he would be, if he thought that his audiences were to be composed of French-speaking people; but he told me recently that in the sort of play he plays, he feared it would be very difficult to make an impression upon people who didn't know what it was all about. I acknowledged the force of what he said. His case is not like that of Salvini, who acts in plays that the average theatregoer knows, and could follow even without the absurdity of an English-speaking support. Mons. Coquelin hopes, however, to find many of his own countrymen and French-speaking Americans here, and need not fear being misunderstood, I think. He wanted to know if we were very hard on an actor in America, if we didn't like him—whether we jeered at and hissed him. I assured him we did not express our disapproval in that way. If we didn't like him, we simply left him alone. Coquelin will not act every night, though his company will. There will hardly be very remunerative audiences on the off-nights. With American theatregoers it is the 'star' or no one.

MAJOR POND is not going to have any trouble in the matter of language with *his* star. He is going to bring Henry M. Stanley over here to lecture; and I shouldn't be surprised if this proved a very successful speculation. Mr. Stanley has not been in America since he discovered Livingstone, and in the mean time he has had adventures enough to equip half a dozen ordinary lecturers. I hope he will relate these, instead of dilating upon the future of the Congo country—a subject more interesting to



him than to us. It is rather curious that Mr. Stanley has not been here before for so many years. We are such a lecture-loving people, and are so familiar with his life and work, that we would make particularly interested listeners.

THE managers of the American Opera Company are seriously discussing the advisability of sending the American Opera to London next season. From what I heard of opera in London, I should think the American Company would take high rank. A better year for such a visit could hardly be chosen, for the American Exhibition will be at its height at that time; again, everything American is fashionable in London just now, and as fashion is a fickle thing, it had better be taken at its flood-tide.

DR. HOLMES is expected home to-day by the Aurania, which will also bring Thomas Hughes and Miss Clara Louise Kellogg. To-morrow—which is more likely to be the day of his arrival—will be his seventy-seventh birthday. What a splendid specimen of a seventy-severer Dr. Holmes is! And he is coming back, without any apparent harm, after a round of excitement such as few younger men could stand. His digestive organs, which have endured the hardest strain, were never in better order; and the merry twinkle in his eye shows that he is feeling just as bright and fresh as though he had not been eating late dinners and going to four receptions of an evening.

I AM permitted to make the following extract from a letter from a lady-missionary in India to a relative in the United States:—"I have a letter from a friend who has been visiting in an out station where there are a lot of Karens (one of the wild tribes of Burmah) who have learned some English, and who continually come to her, she says, to ask if she has not learned which came out of the door—the Lady or the Tiger!" Mr. Browning thinks it was the Tiger; so do I; and I should be passing rich if I had a penny for every one who holds the same opinion; but, so evenly is the vote divided, I should probably be just as rich if I had a penny for every one who thinks just the opposite. Why not have the question decided by an appeal to Mr. Stockton's native readers in the Far East? I, for one, would be quite willing to abide by the decision of the converted and English-speaking Karens. Would not you?

GEORGE KENNAN need never expect to visit Russia, or any other country under the jurisdiction of the Tsar, after his papers on the Russian penal system are printed in *The Century*; and if that magazine has any circulation in Russia, it may prepare to lose it. Mr. Kennan has spent a year in Russia and Siberia, gathering facts upon the subject of his research. He has not only his own observations to make a story from, but he has had access to important state papers, wherein the Russian Government proves the truth of all he accuses it of. Mr. Kennan was accompanied by a Boston artist, Mr. George B. Frost, who not only made sketches, but took photographs, of the scenes described.

'I NOTICE,' writes W. R., of Boston, 'that in writing of Frederick Wedmore's "Letters to Millicent," in your issue of July 17th, you query whether Mr. Wedmore did not make a mistake in speaking of a painting of Longfellow by Alexander. The picture referred to is a portrait painted by Francis (not J. W.) Alexander, in 1852. It is etched by Schoff in the first volume of the Rev. Samuel Longfellow's Life of the poet. Francis Alexander was an American artist who lived from 1800 to 1880 and who was a portrait painter of repute in Boston. He was the father of Miss Francesca Alexander, the well-known author, and illustrator of the "Roadside Songs of Tuscany," edited by Mr. Ruskin.'

IN A LETTER written from Northport, Mich., on the 9th of August, Maurice Thompson says:—"I am up here with my family, fishing for brook-trout and cooling off delightfully. What time I am not eating, sleeping or trouting, I sail in a little open boat, or sit on a rocky beach and watch the kingfishers plunge into the water after their prey. Before I left home, letters about "The Analysts Analyzed" were coming to me thick and fast. I guess that paper was a sort of safety-valve for a good many people who are quite tired of easy realism (so-called), which is "dashed hard reading!" I like realistic work—it's the only true art; but it must be that sort of realistic work which is glorified by the imagination of genius. You feel what

I mean. I'm tired of all this fine-spun commonplace, semi-humorous analyzing.' Mr. Thompson's interesting letter is written, unless I am mistaken, on a sheet of birch-bark, which looks quite like the fashionable 'hand-torn' note-paper, and seems to take the ink very easily.

## What are the Best Hundred Novels?

[The Pall Mall Gazette.]

IN his charming little book on 'How to form a Library,' Mr. Wheatley gives a list of the Best Hundred Novels. The titles are very short, and they are put down in no particular order. The list was originally drawn up by Mr. F. B. Perkins and contributed to *The Library Journal*:-

Don Quixote.	Dombey.
Gil Blas.	Oliver Twist.
Pilgrim's Progress.	Tom Cringle's Log.
Tale of a Tub.	Japhet in Search of a Father.
Gulliver.	Peter Simple.
Vicar of Wakefield.	Midshipman Easy.
Robinson Crusoe.	Scarlet Letter.
Arabian Nights.	House of the Seven Gables.
Decameron.	Wandering Jew.
Wilhelm Meister.	Mysteries of Paris.
Mary Powell.	Humphrey Clinker.
Household of Sir T. More.	Eugénie Grandet.
Cruise of the Midge.	Knickerbocker's New York.
Guy Mannering.	Charles O'Malley.
Antiquary.	Harry Lorrequer.
Bride of Lammermoor.	Handy Andy.
Legend of Montrose.	Elsie Venner.
Rob Roy.	Challenge of Barletta.
Woodstock.	Betrothed (Manzoni's).
Ivanhoe.	Jane Eyre.
Talisman.	Counterparts.
Fortunes of Nigel.	Charles Ancherster.
Old Mortality.	Tom Brown's Schooldays.
Heart of Midlothian.	Tom Brown at Oxford.
Quentin Durward.	Lady Lee's Widowhood.
Fair Maid of Perth.	Horseshoe Robinson.
Pendennis.	Pilot.
Newcomes.	Spy.
Esmond.	Last of the Mohicans.
Adam Bede.	My Novel.
Mill on the Floss.	On the Heights.
Romola.	Beak House.
Vathek.	Tom Jones.
Corinne.	Three Guardsmen.
Minister's Wooing.	Monte Cristo.
Undine.	Les Misérables.
Sintram.	Notre Dame.
Thisdolf.	Consuelo.
Peter Schlemihl.	Fadette (Fanchon).
Sense and Sensibility.	Uncle Tom's Cabin.
Pride and Prejudice.	Woman in White.
Anastasia.	Love me Little, Love me Long.
Amber Witch.	Two Years Ago.
Middlemarch.	Yeast.
Pickwick.	Coningsby.
Chuzzlewit.	Young Duke.
Nickleby.	Hyperion.
Copperfield.	Kavanagh.
Tale of Two Cities.	Bachelor of the Albany.

## Haweis on Haweis.

[The New York Commercial Advertiser.]

THE Rev. H. R. Haweis, the cad disgusting *par eminence* of all the vast array of cads that have ever inflicted themselves upon the American public from other countries—but, alas, chiefly from England, where they know our language so well that there is no escaping them—has called attention to himself once more. This preposterous person has actually secured the publication, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, of London, of the most astounding personal memoirs that it has ever been our misfortune to read—a piece of asinine egotism that outdoes the autobiography of Martin Farquhar Tupper. The preposterous part of this memoir is that it has positively not the slightest *raison d'être* Who in the United Kingdom or the continents of Europe or America, aside from Haweis himself, can possibly have the slightest interest in what this pompous simpleton calls 'My Bos-

ton Lectures,' now that they are over and that there is a fair chance that he will not repeat them? Why should any one care what this insufferable prig thinks of what the people of Boston thought of his opinion of Wagner and of music in general? We are almost inclined to believe that some wag has foisted the article in question upon the public for a joke, in which enterprise the editor of the magazine has assisted him, or else that Haweis drugged the editor and published the nonsense himself without the other's cognizance.

But if the subject itself is so extraordinary, what remains to be said about the treatment thereof? In the first place, Haweis was astounded upon reaching Boston because there was not a crowd awaiting him at the railroad station. He writes, plaintively:—'After a wretched night in a suffocating sleeping-car I got into Boston about 9.30 next morning. For the first time we felt ourselves alone and unfriended in America. Not a soul came to meet us; nor did I know personally a soul in Boston, Mr. Howells, the novelist, being absent at the time.' It is quite safe to assert that if America had been aware Haweis was coming, and knew as much about him as she did before he went away, the population would have cheerfully gone into Canada or Central America, and left him alone in reality. But the circumstance that Mr. Howells was away from the city should teach Mr. Haweis not to send word to his friends when he is going to arrive at their habitations, if he desires to find them at home. He continues his lamentation:—'No reporter called, no newspaper announced my arrival, till Monday, when I was due at the Lowell Institute; but on Sunday several friends, to whom I had introductions, found me out, and called.' If Haweis gave the slightest reason why reporters should call there would be less reason for suspecting him of general paresis, but, as he knew no one in the city, it would have been a superfluous warning if the newspapers had announced his arrival.

But it is when this clerical ass relates how his first lecture was received that he makes himself most ridiculous. After complaining: 'There was hardly any applause on my entrance,' he goes on to say:—'I tried a feeble little complimentary allusion to the manager of the Lowell Institute, which was received in ominous silence. I quoted one or two of their favorite poets, without a gleam of recognition or sympathy from that apparently austere assembly.' More extravagant still is his description of the manner in which he brought the Bostonese around, until, according to himself, there was a *furor* to hear him, and enthusiasm went wild. On one occasion: 'Contrary, I believe, to all Lowell Institute etiquette, I was brought back to the platform, and I there remained, shaking hands with my friends, and answering questions about Wagner, until it was evident that the audience would not disperse until I retired. On entering my private room I found it full of ardent intruders, who were determined not to depart without my autograph.' Tupper's biography could not have been paraphrased much more closely than that.

But where the Rev. H. R. Haweis turns himself entirely loose, and allows his stupendous, yet simple, vanity to bolt with all his senses, is when he treats of a special lecture which he gravely relates that he was asked to deliver before a few of the *élite* of Boston. He says:—'I did so at the Hawthorne Hall before what I was told was the "*crème de la crème*" of Boston. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Dr. Berthold, Mr. Shattuch, the venerable and gifted Miss Peabody, Mrs. Ole Bull and other remnants of the brilliant Emerson, Bryant and Longfellow circle occupied prominent seats and vouchsafed no advice. They gave me what was better, an almost loving attention. I was the only person, it would seem, aware of my own defects, and I kept the knowledge to myself. They did their best to conceal it from me. Miss Peabody compared me to Hawthorne; Mr. Putnam, a leading Boston lawyer, who had kindly managed the hotel robbery affair for me, assured me that since the days of Agassiz there had been no such success; and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes expressed himself very kindly.'

Perhaps a similar character to that of Haweis never before existed. This babbling nuisance actually believes that he is among the great, and no amount of guying or serious criticism has ever been able to convince him to the contrary, and, therefore, the only hope for humanity is that in attempting to swell himself to the size of an ox he may meet the fate of the troglodyte in the fable. Certain it is that such a case of inflation is unique in the annals of mental aberration. But, if some power was the gittie gie him to see himself as others see him, there would be a crash when he—if we may be allowed to use the idiom—tumbled to himself, that would shake the firmament.

## "The Cruise of the Bacchante."

[The Spectator.]

NBODY can well read this book \* without coming to the conclusion that the Prince of Wales acted wisely in sending his sons to sea. The elder of them is, in all probability, destined to become one day the ruler of this realm, and it is right and fitting that he should learn to love that ocean home on whose broad bosom the men of his race have won their most memorable triumphs, and see with his own eyes as much as may be of that wide-spreading Colonial empire which in no long time will be more populous and powerful than the island from which it sprang. Moreover, no better way of rounding off a lad's education—especially if he be a Prince—could be chosen than submitting him for a season to the strict discipline of a man-of-war. The time spent by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales on board the Bacchante was an education in itself; it both strengthened their characters and increased their knowledge. As Mr. Dalton tells us, the object that the Prince of Wales had chiefly in view was the mental and moral training which they would receive as midshipmen in the Royal Navy. So long as they were on board the ship, the Princes were treated exactly like the other youngsters, and did all the work which falls to the lot of the ordinary midshipman. 'They took their turns in all weather, by day or night, at watch-keeping and going aloft, at sail-drill or boat-duty. There was no difference, not even the slightest, of any sort or kind made between them and their gun-room messmates.' They also went to school like the rest, and took lessons in French, mathematics, gunnery and seamanship, and other subjects. Both Princes kept regular diaries, and these diaries, 'written up every evening before turning in, both at sea and ashore, wherever they happened to be staying—whether it was beneath the roof of different Government Houses, or out in the bush, on the Pampas, in Japanese temples, or Chinese house-boats,' form the groundwork of the book. In compiling it, Canon Dalton, who was 'governor in charge of the Princes,' has drawn largely on the contents of private letters; but we are glad to learn that the passages he has extracted are printed just as they were penned, since whatever they may lose in literary polish for lack of editing, they gain in vividness and naturalness; and they give us, moreover, a better insight into the characters of the writers, the course of their daily lives, and the nature of their education, using the word in its widest sense, than they could give if they had been ever so artistically 'touched up.'

Although to the Princes themselves the time they spent at sea was undoubtedly the more important, and probably the more interesting, it must be admitted that the extracts from their log-books, which fill so many pages, make monotonous reading. The general reader will probably find the descriptions of their land excursions a great deal more to his taste. These are always entertaining, often amusing, and give incidentally a considerable amount of useful information. In fact, if Mr. Dalton had favored us with rather fewer of what he calls his 'additions,' we should have little but praise for the book. The 'additions' are marked off in square brackets, and, as he tells us, 'can be skipped by those who prefer to read continuously the more descriptive, narrative portion of the text.' This is a privilege whereof most readers will, no doubt, gladly avail themselves, the 'additions' in several instances being long dissertations, touching sometimes on controverted subjects, written with true pedagogic dogmatism, which lengthen inordinately a book that even without them would have been more than sufficiently long.

In September, 1879, the Bacchante left Portsmouth, and, after calling at Gibraltar, Messina, Teneriffe, and some other places, Barbados was sighted at sunrise on Christmas Day. During the voyage the two Princes had very appropriately read 'Westward Ho!' for the second time. The diary, albeit for the most part a simple record of events, or descriptions of the ports touched at (the descriptions being evidently 'got up' for the schoolmaster or captain), afford us occasional glimpses of the feelings and opinions of the writers. When patriotism and the great deeds of the British Navy are the theme, the royal sailormen, as becomes their lineage and their country, grow almost eloquent. On February 20th, while between Barbados and Martinique, they write thus:

We should be less than Englishmen, less than men, if we did not feel a thrill of pride while sailing here. It was in these waters that Rodney, on the glorious 12th of April, 1782, coming across from behind Pigeon Rock, on St. Lucia, when he heard that the French had at last come out from Port Royal, at Martinique, to meet their expected reinforcements, broke Count de Grasse's line (teaching, thereby, Nelson



to do the same in like case), took and destroyed seven French ships of the line, scattered the rest, preventing the French fleet from joining the Spaniards at St. Domingo, thus saving Jamaica, Barbados, and the whole West Indies, and brought about by that single tremendous blow, the honorable peace of 1783. . . . And it is not yet a hundred years ago since all this was here done! The air even yet, in clearest blaze of sunshine, seems full of ghosts, the ghosts of gallant sailors and soldiers. Truly here—

The spirits of our fathers  
Might start from every wave;  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And ocean was their grave,—

start and ask us, their sons, 'What have you done with those islands which we won for you with precious blood!' And what could we answer? We have misused them, neglected them till, at the present moment, ashamed of the slavery of the past, and too ignorant and helpless to govern them as a dependency of an overburdened Colonial bureau in London, now slavery is gone, we are half-minded to throw them away again, and give them up, no matter much to whom. But was it for this that these islands were taken and retaken, till every gully and every foot of the ocean-bed holds the skeleton of an Englishman? Was it for this that these seas were reddened with the blood of our own forefathers year after year? Did all those gallant souls go down to Hades in vain, and leave nothing for the Englishmen but the sad and proud memory of their useless valor?

Questions more easily put than answered. Many wars, perhaps most wars, have, so far as we can see, produced more of evil than of good, and millions of brave souls have gone down to death leaving behind them nothing but the sad and proud memory of their useless valor. In thousands of instances not even that, for past numbering are the heroes who have died for country and honor, yet sleep in unremembered graves! This is not the place to discuss the decadence of our West India Colonies (though Canon Dalton, in one of his 'asides,' does so at great length), and it is enough to make even the boldest refrain from pronouncing judgment on the subject, that the very war which delivered most of them into our hands sowed the seeds of their decay. For it was the Continental blockade and the consequent scarcity of Colonial produce that first suggested to the French the idea of extracting sugar from beetroot, and beetroot is now the most formidable competitor of the cane. But we should be sorry to assume that the islands are ruined, or likely to be. Barbados is not; and the Princes draw a very pleasing picture of the prosperity of Trinidad, which, as they rightly say, has taken the lead of British Guiana and every British West Indian Colony without exception. With its teeming soil and salubrious climate, it is capable of supporting over a million inhabitants, ten times the number that it now supports. 'And they pertinently ask why more English don't go out there, buy land, and plant cocoa.' Two hundred acres will cost £200 to buy; on this £3000 would have to be spent, spread over six years, or perhaps even up to the end of the tenth year. This would then (they say) give a net income of £1400 for fifty years at least. It was shrewd of the Princes to put in the saving clause, 'they say.' All the same, we do not think the estimate exceeds the truth. There is a Venezuelan proverb about a cocoa plantation being better than a gold-mine; and it may be added that land which produces the cocoa can be made to yield also in profusion almost every necessary of life. Bad as things are supposed to be in the West Indies, the lot of a cocoa-planter is probably much to be preferred to that of the British farmer, and a negro laborer is in far easier circumstances than an English peasant.

On May 12th, 1881, as the *Bacchante* was on her way from South Africa to Australia, a misfortune befell which might have had serious consequences, and is thus described by the Princes:—

It was now one of the most magnificent sights we ever gazed on, though we never wish to be in similar circumstances or to see quite the like again. The moon above was breaking in full glory every few minutes through the densest and blackest storm-clouds, which were here and there riven by the blast; the sea beneath was literally one mass of white foam, boiling and hissing beneath the gale. For a few seconds, when the *Bacchante* first broached to, it was doubtful what would happen, but no one had time to think of the peril we were in, for at once the old ship came to the wind and lay to of her own accord. Having gone into the cabin under the poop just before she broached to, we experienced a curious sensation of grinding beneath the screw-well and counter, and by the rudder-chain. It might be compared to the somewhat similar sensation felt when a boat's bottom touches rock or sand and grinds over them, and bumps for a few seconds. We knew, of course, it could not be thus with us, but suspected it was caused by the wrench the rudder then suffered.

This surmise proved to be true. The rudder was seriously injured, the ship refused to pay off, and there was nothing for it but to lie to and let her ride out the gale as best she could. She

drifted helplessly south, and for some time the outlook was anything but satisfactory. In the end, however, the rudder was made to work in a fashion, and the *Bacchante* reached port without further mishap. 'At evening quarters,' runs the diary, 'every one seemed as happy as could be; we pointed yards to the wind and steamed ahead, making up for the nearest port, which was King George's Sound, 380 miles distant, trusting to the wind to keep her steady on her course, and giving her as few pokes of the helm as possible. That night the captain, commander and navigating lieutenant had the first sleep they have had for three nights and days.'

The brothers had a good time in Western Australia, went into the bush, lived in a shanty, killed several kangaroos, and found the flesh of them excellent eating. There is still room in this Colony for a few wanderers from the old country. It is five times as big as France, and there are at present about thirty settlers to every thousand square miles. Not in Australia only, but wherever else they went, the Princes had a good time, and were received with the greatest enthusiasm and most distinguished consideration. They saw everything that was best worth seeing, came in contact with men of all classes and many climes, and acquired a knowledge of Greater Britain and foreign lands which must be a precious possession to them as long as they live. It is pleasant to observe, moreover, that they do not seem to have been at all 'puffed up' by the attentions they received. They behaved throughout with modesty and tact, and the run ashore over, resumed their duty on the *Bacchante* with as much diligence as if they were obscure youngsters, working for promotion.

On the trip from Melbourne to Sydney, the *Bacchante* was fortunate enough to encounter the *Flying Dutchman*, though there was a time when the sight would have been regarded as of evil omen:—

July 11th.—At 4 A.M. the *Flying Dutchman* crossed our bows. A strange, red light, as of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of which light the masts, spars, and sails of a brig, 200 yards distant, stood out in strong relief as she came up on our port bow. The lookout man on the fore-castle reported her as close on the port bow, where also the officer of the watch clearly saw her, as did also the quarter-deck midshipman, who was sent forward at once to the fore-castle; but on arriving there no vestige, nor any sign whatever, of any material ship was to be seen, either near or right away to the horizon. The night being clear, and the sea calm, thirteen persons altogether saw her, but whether it was Van Diemen or the *Flying Dutchman*, or who else, must remain unknown.

How can this appearance be explained? As the phantom ship was seen by thirteen credible witnesses, there can be no question of hallucination, and to describe it as an optical delusion is simply begging the question. Several theories may, of course, be suggested, but we know of none that offers a satisfactory solution of the mystery. The vision of the *Flying Dutchman* may not, after all, be so purely imaginary as it has generally been deemed.

The second volume of the 'Cruise,' which begins with Japan and China, includes Palestine, and ends with the Mediterranean, is decidedly the more interesting of the two. The entries in the diary are less schoolboy-like; experience and age begin to tell; the writers have opinions of their own, and do not hesitate to express them. The condition of Chinese peasants suggests a comparison with that of English rural laborers, which is not likely to find much favor with old-fashioned Tories:—

With his cheap communications to large markets through those everlasting creeks and dykes, and with his periodical rains and perfect drainage, abundance of quickly-ripening sunshine, the ordinary Chinese peasant is far better off than the agricultural serf in England. And if some of the Chinaman's homes seem squalid to herd in, they are at any rate better than the dens which some English and Irish landlords think good enough for their Christian brothers. In England, too, how often will you see a peasant tilling his own land? How often will you find a peasant who has any hope of possessing property, or any notion of any right except the right for which he struggles hard—a share in the public alms? . . . Pork, poultry, and vegetables, and the creatures that swim or crawl about his rivers or canals are the Chinaman's natural dainties, and with them he is content, and fares better than many poor souls at home.

On August 8th, 1882, two days after the *Bacchante* let go her anchor in Cowes Roads at the end of her three years' cruise, the princes were examined by Archbishop Tait, and confirmed in Whippingham Church. With an extract from his charge, memorable from the fact that the words he then spoke were the last he publicly uttered, we take our leave of a book which, while interesting as a varied record of travel, is still more so as showing how English Princes in these days are trained, and giv-

ing us an idea of the influences that are moulding the character of England's future King :—

Heirs to the honors of a long line of ancestors—placed from the very first, by the mere accident of birth, in a position which the noblest and most powerful intellects, even when most fortunate, cannot reach through a long life of laborious self-denial—it would seem you have much to be thankful for. But after all, it may be doubted whether this outward, showy prosperity is a real good. The manly, Christian character is best developed through difficulties. A perfectly level plain calls for little engineering ;—a sunny voyage through a summer sea does not test the mettle of a sailor's seamanship, or lay up for him a store of useful experience. You will do well, sirs, to see that you yield not to the enervating influences that must gather round you. A Christian is a soldier of Christ. His life is a warfare. If our aims are high, God knows we shall find abundant difficulties in every enterprise that is worth undertaking, and in these difficulties lies the discipline of the Christian life.

### Mr. Proctor's Americanisms.

[The Saturday Review.]

MR. PROCTOR has been at it again. It is not a year ago that we suggested to him the cultivation of a Marine Mongoose to kill off the sea-serpents which seem to inhabit the seven-leagued boots wherewith he strides across three continents disseminating very popular science ; and now, in the pages of a magazine modestly entitled *Knowledge*, of which he is the editor, he has not hesitated to reprint the jibe of an enemy that he had apparently taken for his motto, '*Le savoir, c'est moi.*' Science is Mr. Proctor's forte and omniscience is his foible ; and he would take command of the Channel Fleet to-morrow. With a delightful self-satisfaction, before which the self-confidence of Whewell and that of Lord John Russell pale their ineffectual fires, Mr. Proctor has stepped up smiling to a close encounter with the awful spectre of the American language. In the present inflamed condition of the Fisheries dispute between the United States of America and the Dominion of Canada, it is unwise, not to say unpatriotic, of Mr. Proctor to enter again on a discussion of American parts of speech, and of the nice derangement of epitaphs which fall on the ear of the Englishman who wanders in America, and of the American who comes to England. Nor is Mr. Proctor content to criticize the American vocabulary, he must also reveal his hatred of the American national game ; no doubt it is to Mr. Proctor's advantage, both personal and financial, that he eschews Poker ; to play that noble game as it ought to be played demands both coolness of temper and knowledge of human nature.

Mr. Proctor's phrase-book of American as she is spoke is contained in the numbers of *Knowledge* for March, April, June, and July, and, like any other serial story, it is to be continued in our next. In a note to the first instalment of his vocabulary he confesses that he has taken as his chief authority Bartlett's '*Dictionary of Americanisms*,' one of the most inaccurate, ill-made, misleading books on any subject in any language. When Mr. Proctor follows Mr. Bartlett, it is the blind leading the blind, and together they fall into ditches enough to irrigate all India. Mr. Proctor is seemingly ignorant of Colonel Norton's glossary of '*Political Americanisms*,' published a year or so ago in *The Magazine of American History*, and of the late Richard Grant White's series of destructive criticisms of Bartlett's book, published three or four years ago in *The Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Grant White had his faults, but he could fight stoutly when need be ; and even his crushing of the Baconian theory of Shakspeare was not more complete than his pulverizing criticism of Bartlett's Dictionary. To what heights of contemptuous anger Mr. White would rise if he could only see the result of the addition of Mr. Proctor's want of knowledge to the half-learning of Mr. Bartlett, it is painful to imagine. Mr. Proctor, *s.v.* 'Bit,' says, 'I must admit great ignorance as to the real meaning of this word ;' he might have admitted it as to the real meaning of dozens of the other words which he sets down. As a proof that Mr. Proctor does not know an Americanism when he sees it, we may note that he accepts as of Transatlantic origin the cockney 'I feel bad' (=I feel ill), the schoolboy 'bullyrag,' the ancient and honorable 'to dicker' (=to bargain), and the literary vulgarity, 'to elect,' in the sense of choosing one of two alternatives.

Not only does Mr. Proctor include as Americanisms many words and phrases which cannot justly so be called, and fail miserably in giving exact or adequate definitions of many real Americanisms, but he is also wholly at sea in regard to the many words and phrases now in use in the United States, and handed down to the present Anglo-Saxon inhabitants from the earlier French or Spanish settlers. He tells us that 'Chowder' is 'a

dish of fish, pork, onions, and biscuit'—a most inaccurate definition of a most delicious dish—and he fails absolutely to note that the dish was invented by the Canadian *voyageurs* (perhaps aided in the task by the recollection of *bouillabaisse*), and that the name is a corruption of *chaudière*, the receptacle in which the savory mess was compounded. And, in like manner, he declares that a 'Bonanza' is 'Spanish, a big scheme, by which (honestly or otherwise) much money is made.' Here, again, the point is completely missed and the meaning wholly misstated. The Spanish-speaking Californians applied the word *bonanza* (*i. e.* 'good fortune' or 'good luck') to the discovery of any vein or pocket of extraordinary richness ; the great silver mines on the Comstock lode were the Bonanza mines, *par excellence* ; and it is only since they became known that the word has got into general use in the Atlantic States. Mr. Proctor's first four instalments exhaust only the first five letters of the alphabet. Among his many omissions is the very characteristic and picturesque Americanism for a circular saw—'a buzz saw.' We shall await the later numbers of the series with the greatest interest. Especially are we desirous of discovery whether Mr. Proctor has ever heard a 'horse-fiddle' and if he can tell us what manner of man a 'hauled mealer' may be.

### Current Criticism

GROWTH OF THE REALISTIC NOVEL.—In spite of the critics who know no fiction which is not romance, and the readers who complain that poverty and crime and all the horrible riddles of existence are present in life too much to be tolerable in fiction also, the novel of realism grows apace. A glance over the fiction of each passing year shows more distinctly the line of cleavage between the *roman* pure and simple, the *novelle*, the story where the characters are imaginary and the plot spun out with no trammels but those of fancy, and the *roman naturaliste*, the study in which the characters are those of real life so far as the writer can contrive to discover and comprehend it, and the plot follows the course of actual physical determinism so far as he has learned to trace it—in a word, and for a better term, the novel of realism. There is room for both—for 'The Dynamiter' and 'A Mummer's Wife,' for 'Kidnapped' and 'Disenchantment ;' and this is fortunate, for our young writers are turning one by one to the latter form, and it would be a sad spectacle to see them wasting their sympathies and blunting their talents on sterile ground.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.—The fame of Mr. George Moore as a novelist is not extensive on this side of the Atlantic, and his determination not to write any more in the English language is not likely, therefore, to be deeply regretted. Mr. Moore has been spurred on to this resolution by the refusal of Mudie's Circulating Library people, and the book-selling and book-lending agencies controlled by Mr. W. H. Smith, of Lord Salisbury's Cabinet, to circulate his books, on the ground that they are indecent. If this is the real ground of the agents' refusal it is greatly to their credit ; but Mr. Moore's books are probably stupid as well as indecent. If the British public wanted to read the books they would be circulated even if Mudie's and Mr. Smith refused to sell and lend them. Mr. Moore hereafter will publish his writings in French, a compliment the French people, who are really put to it for reading matter, will not be slow to appreciate. Mr. Moore, though he is probably a poor sort of a novelist, is an ingenious man. If any device can bring him readers it is the one he has adopted of asserting over his own signature that his books are so filthy that reputable dealers will not handle them, and his determination to write hereafter in a foreign language suggests a course of action for unsuccessful authors hitherto unthought of.—*The New York Times*.

AUTHORSHIP HARD WORK.—Who that views the autorial career as one of picturesque ease, or as being exempt from the exacting conditions common to the professions and trades, makes a foolish mistake. We may safely admit that genius is born with the true maker, the true creator, but what is genius without that wide knowledge upon which wisdom is founded ? Apprenticeship is necessary even to the most subtle genius. How shall a man be an architect before he can draw a plan ? How shall he be a poet before he understands the power of words and phrases, no matter how great are his thoughts ? Reducing the question to its simplest form, how can a man hew to the line before he has learned the use of the broad-axe ?

If we will consent to look upon the practice of the literary profession as we look upon the practice of medicine or the law,



there will be little difficulty in the question so often asked: Why is authorship an impecunious state? To begin with, it is not impecunious in a greater degree than the law or medicine. The mistake lies in granting that every person who writes is an author. The successful lawyer or doctor is a person who knows the details of his calling, who has served a long apprenticeship—has educated himself specially—has given laborious years to preparation for his career. As a rule the individual who succeeds has earned the right to success. He has justly earned it. There is no royal road to any worthy achievement.—*Maurice Thompson, in Literary Life.*

**A GOOD LIFE OF AN ABLE MAN.**—This is an extremely well-written life of a man whose life was well worth writing. And it is more than that. For, rightly judging that the appropriate background of a portrait of a great journalist should be 'a sketch of the public events which wrought on him, and on which he wrought,' Mr. Merriam has sketched, with a firm and vigorous hand, the stirring incidents which marked the history of the United States of America, from the annexation of Texas to the close of reconstruction under President Hayes. While those incidents were enacting, Mr. Bowles was conducting, with rare energy and ability, the *Republican*, a daily paper published in the provincial town of Springfield, a paper limited to a comparatively small circulation, but which exercised a wide influence. So wide, indeed, was that influence, that the editor became in time 'an important factor in public affairs.' . . . Our object is to show the reader, if we can within our limits, that this book is worth reading and worth buying, and, if we may use such an expression, that it is an average-raising addition to the sum of good American literature. Or, to speak with more precision, and less ambitiously, we shall attempt to show that the idiosyncrasy of Mr. Bowles was one of no ordinary interest; that in Mr. Merriam that idiosyncrasy has found a most sympathetic expositor; and finally, for we lay some stress upon that point, that Mr. Merriam is quite as good a historian as he is a biographer.—*The Spectator.*

**WHIPPLE'S LIMITATIONS.**—He doubtless did a great deal for the American criticism of his day, and must rank with Margaret Fuller Ossoli and far above Poe in the total value of his work. It is certainly saying a great deal in his praise to admit that up to a certain time in his life there was probably no other literary man in America who had so thoroughly made the best of himself—extracted so thoroughly from his own natural gifts their utmost resources. His memory was great, his reading constant, his acquaintance large, his apprehension ready and clear. He had no gift of extemporaneous oratory, but in conversation he excelled. What he said or wrote was so well grounded, so pithy, so candid, so neat, that you felt for the moment as if it were the final word; it was only upon the second reading that you became conscious of a certain limitation. After all, the thought never went very deep; the attraction of style was evanescent; there was no very wide outlook, no ideal atmosphere. There were wit and keenness and kindly frankness, but no subtle depths, no haunting quality, none of the 'seeds of things.' These restrictions may have been almost inseparable from the form of a popular lecture, which was that he commonly chose; but they were restrictions, all the same. In a time and place which had produced Emerson, this narrowness of range was a defect almost fatal.—*Col. Higginson, in The Atlantic.*

**GEORGE MEREDITH'S 'RHODA FLEMING.'**—'Rhoda Fleming' is one of the least known of Mr. Meredith's novels, and in a sense it is one of the most disagreeable. To the general it has always been caviare, and caviare it is likely to remain; for the general is before all things respectable, and few such savage and scathing attacks upon the superstitions of respectability as 'Rhoda Fleming' have been written of late years. And besides, the emotions developed are too tragic, the personages too elementary in nature and too powerful in degree, the effects too poignant and too sorrowful. In these days people read to be amused. They care for no passion that is not decent in itself and whose expression is not restrained. It irks them to face the problems capable of none save a tragic solution. And when Mr. Meredith goes digging, in a very bad temper with things in general, into the deeper strata, the primitive deposits, of human nature, the public is the reverse of profoundly interested in the outcome of his exploration and the results of his labor. And yet for those whose care is for real literature, and such literary essentials as character largely seen and largely presented and as passion deeply felt and poignantly expressed, there is—

if any there be to whom 'Rhoda Fleming' is unknown—such a feast in 'Rhoda Fleming' as no other English novelist of the day has spread.—*The Athenæum.*

## Notes

**BJÖRNSON'S** novel, 'Flags are Flying in City and Harbor,' has just been published in two German translations, one of which is entitled 'Das Haus Kurt.' The works of another Norwegian, the rising novelist Alexander Kielland, have also appeared recently in a German translation, as well as in Dutch. The 'Falconberg' of the Norwegian American, Prof. Boyesen, is at present running as a *feuilleton* in the *Wiener-Zeitung* (Vienna), after having completed a similar career in *Die Schlesische Zeitung*. His novelette, 'A Dangerous Virtue,' has just appeared in *Die Deutsche Zeitung*.

—J. B. Cowdin is preparing an illustrated volume of his poetry for the coming holiday season.

—The next volume of the 'Eminent Women Series' (Roberts Bros.) will be Miss Mary Robinson's 'Life of Marguerite of Angoulême, Queen of Navarre and Sister of Francis I.'

—The *Art Amateur* for September has as a supplement a very cleverly reproduced landscape in color by Leonard Ochtman. In his note-book the editor gives an interesting glimpse into the French home of that admirable young American painter, Charles Sprague Pearce.

—The Department of Public Instruction at Albany has opened a department for the exhibition of text-books and other educational works, and has issued circulars to the leading school-book publishing-houses asking for sample copies of their publications.

—Charles Scribner's Sons will publish at once, by special arrangement, Mr. Gladstone's latest monograph entitled 'The Irish Question.' The book is divided into two parts. Part I. is entitled 'The History of an Idea,' and traces the development of the Home Rule idea in Mr. Gladstone's own mind, defends his past course, and defines his present position. Part II. is entitled 'Lessons of the Election.' In it Mr. Gladstone analyzes the election returns, and concludes that Ireland has only to wait with patience and hope. Messrs. Scribner will issue the work in their Yellow Paper Series. The price will be ten cents.

—The two most conspicuous of contemporary men-of-letters in Denmark are Sophus Schandorph, author of the successful novels 'Uden Midtpunkt' and 'Smaalok,' and the poet and novelist Holger Drachmann, whose prose is said to be as insipid as his verse is spirited and charming.

—'Records of an Active Life,' by the Rev. Heman Dyer, D.D., will soon be published by Thomas Whittaker, who also announces a volume of unpublished sermons by Charles Kingsley.

—We understand that the main object of Charles L. Webster & Co. in suing John Wanamaker for selling the Grant Memoirs, was to ascertain the name of the agent through whom he procured the book; and that this object having been attained, suit has been brought against the agent himself.

—Time would be saved if any material intended for use in Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer's Life of H. H. Richardson were to be sent to her direct, instead of in care of her publishers as suggested a week ago. Her address till October 1st will be Southampton, Long Island, N. Y., and after that date, 9 West 9th Street, New York. Letters from Mr. Richardson to his friends, and comments on his works from the persons for whose use they were constructed, would be particularly acceptable. The illustrations in the proposed memorial volume will consist chiefly of views of the more notable buildings which Mr. Richardson designed.

—The late Mary Cecil Hay's last novel, 'A Wicked Girl,' announced by Harper & Bros., was completed on her death-bed. She knew for some time that she was dying, but persevered in her work up to the last moment.

—Mrs. John Sherwood (M. E. W. S.) is not spending all her time abroad in play. Besides her many social duties, she has found time to write numerous newspaper letters, and a paper for the September *Wide Awake* on the daughters of the Prince of Wales, which she calls 'Those Royal Girls at Sandringham.'

—Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, a writer of many successful novels, died at Newport on the 20th inst. at the residence of Mr. Charles S. Peterson, of Philadelphia, to whose magazine she was a frequent contributor.

—Renan, Paul Bert, James Martineau and F. W. Newman are amongst the contributors to the fund for the preservation of Theodore Parker's grave in Florence.

—More than 300 titles are included in a 'List of Books Written by or Relating to Alexander Hamilton,' which the Putnams will publish in a volume uniform in size and style with Mr. Lodge's edition of Hamilton's Works. Paul L. Ford, of Brooklyn, is the compiler of the list.

—In their new series called The Riverside Pocket Series, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will print a collection of short stories and essays by some of their most popular young authors.

—Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, husband of Harriet Beecher Stowe, died in Hartford, Conn., on Sunday last, at the age of eighty-four years. Prof. Stowe was born in Natick, Mass. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1824 and at Andover Theological Seminary four years later. He was a voluminous writer upon theological subjects. Among his best known works was a translation of John's 'History of the Hebrew Commonwealth,' 'Lectures on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews,' 'Introduction to the Criticism and Interpretation of the Bible,' and 'Origin and History of the Books of the Bible.'

—*Lippincott's* for September will contain a paper by Mrs. Bloomfield Moore on 'Mr. Keely's Etheric Force.' Mrs. Moore is best known as a writer of verse, but the Keely motor is a subject upon which she is very well informed, as she is one of the largest stockholders in the concern.

—Some 30,000 persons attended the recent celebration at Kilmarlock of the centenary of the first publication of Burns's Poems.

—Mr. Lowell's papers on Democracy, 'Don Quixote,' Fielding, Coleridge, Dean Stanley, Garfield and (presumably) Gray, will appear this fall in a volume called after the first one in this list.

—Miss McClelland, the author of 'Oblivion,' has written a new book which Henry Holt & Co. will publish, called 'Princess.'

—The diary of John Bernard, an English actor who was among the first to come to the United States, which Messrs. Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton began editing for the *Manhattan*, has been completed by them, and will be published in book form by Harper & Bros. The book will be illustrated by numerous portraits.

—Mr. Andrew Lang has brought out a second edition of his *Letters to Dead Authors* in which he includes letters to Hawthorne and Longfellow.

—In the House of Lords there are said to be five poets besides Tennyson. —The scene of Jules Verne's new novel, 'Robur le Conquerant,' is laid in Philadelphia. —'Nord et Midi' is the title given by Daudet to his dramatization of 'Numa Roumestan.' —Edmund Gosse is going to lecture on 'The Profession of Author.' —A sister of the Sultan of Zanzibar, who supports herself by teaching Arabic in Berlin, is about to publish her memoirs.

—Mr. Fred G. Kitton, author of "Dickensiana," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 'is completing a new work relating to Dickens, entitled "Dickens Portrayed by Pen and Pencil." The object of the work is to give a complete description of the portraits of the novelist, together with a great number of copies of portraits made during every period of his life.'

—A letter from Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Arnold Morley has just been made public, in which the ex-Premier says that, now that he is out of office, he is 'obliged to give, once for all, a general notice to many correspondents of my inability, which I am sure will be readily understood, either to make replies to letters, or to return manuscripts or other enclosures which may be addressed to me, and my silence will be kindly interpreted to signify that I have nothing to say in the particular case.' Mr. Gladstone believes that his personal correspondence is far greater than that of any other man in the world.

—'On the 16th of September,' says *The Athenaeum*, 'Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., will sail from Liverpool for the United States, where he has made arrangements to deliver a course of lectures during the winter season. The tour will be a literary, not a political one, and Mr. McCarthy will probably choose subjects akin to those by which he won popularity in America some twelve years ago.' The success of 'The Right Honorable' has decided its authors to write another novel conjointly. This will be completed before Mr. McCarthy leaves England.

## The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### QUESTIONS.

**No. 1180.**—Can anyone furnish me with a list containing some of the most noteworthy collections of sermons by American divines, which have not been reprinted in Great Britain? I believe Dr. McKenzie's Cambridge Sermons, Dr. C. F. Deems's 'Weights and Wings,' the Sermons of the late Dr. Rudder, of Philadelphia, and Dr. A. L. Gordon's 'Grace and Glory' belong to this category; but my knowledge does not extend beyond their titles, and any additions to, or criticisms upon, this list would greatly oblige the subscriber.

CHRIC, SCOTLAND.

W. A. S.

**No. 1181.**—Can any of your readers supply the line needed to complete the following, and tell in what poem it belongs?

There is in every human heart  
Some not entirely barren part,  
Where flowers of richest perfume grow.

NEW BRIGHTON, S. I.

F.

**No. 1182.**—1. Who is the author of 'Geraldine: a Romance of the St. Lawrence?' Has the author written any other works?—2. We find in many novels and stories numerous untranslated French phrases. Do you know of any works in which untranslated German phrases are of frequent occurrence?—3. Is there a series of autobiographies of 'self-made' men? If there is, will you name some of the best?

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

L. R.

**No. 1183.**—1. How does John B. Alden, the publisher and eighth wonder of the world, pronounce his name? What is his relationship to H. M. Alden and Ellen Tracy Alden?—2. Who is 'The Duchess'?—3. What is the pronunciation of Quixote, the hero of Cervantes?—4. How far back does the most ancient work of profane history reach, and who is the historian?—5. Mr. Talmage in a sermon recently observed that 'a Scotch poet insane on everything but religion' wrote:

God has pardoned all my sin,  
That's the news! that's the news!  
I feel the witness deep within.  
That's the news! that's the news!  
And since He took my sin away,  
And taught me how to watch and pray,  
I'm happy now from day to day,  
That's the news! that's the news!

Who is this Scotch poet?

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

F. P. R.

[1. The name should be pronounced as if the first syllable were *All*. We have never heard that Mr. Alden is related to either of the persons mentioned.—2. Mrs. Margaret Argles.—3. *Kee-ho-tay*, with the accent on the second syllable. The Spaniards now spell the name 'Quijote,' the *j* being sounded like *h*.—4. The most ancient work of profane history is that of Herodotus, who begins his history proper with the Kings of Lydia, about 800 B.C. He begins his second book with the Egyptian King Menes, whose reign (by his calculation) was about 1800 B.C. Berosus and Sanchoniathon exist only in fragments, and so does Manetho. Diodorus Siculus is later; but, like the others, he prefaces his true history with legendary tales of demigods, etc. The reign of Menes in Egypt is put by German Egyptologists about 3500-5000 B.C., but by the English Egyptologists about 2000 B.C. Herodotus's history is hard to reconcile with Manetho and the monuments and is therefore rejected by the Germans. Berosus makes ten kings before the Deluge, corresponding to the ten generations from Adam to Noah. Three thousand years before Christ would suit his chronology for the Deluge. Herodotus wrote about 450 B.C., and is entitled to the honor of being the 'father of history,' outside of the Jewish world.—5. We do not know, and the author of such doggerel surely merits oblivion.]

**No. 1184.**—Wanted: information as to the authorship of a poem called 'The Rainbow,' whose first and last stanzas are as follows:

The evening was glorious, and light through the trees  
Play'd the sunshine and rain-drops, the birds and the breeze,  
The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay  
On the lip of the year, in the beauty of May.

In the breath of his presence, when thousands expire,  
And the seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,  
And the sword and the plague-spot, with death strew the plain  
And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain.

NEW YORK.

N. E. D.

**No. 1185.**—I should like to see the poem, one verse of which is given on page 146 of the fifth volume of *THE CRITIC* (March 20, 1886), and also to learn the author's name. It is entitled 'God Knoweth Best.'

GAMBIER, O.

E. C. N.

[The poem will be found in William White's 'Leaves from Maple Lawn,' \$1.50, New York: White, Stokes & Allen.]

'Tis vain to seek a powder that defies detection, but use Foxon's to improve the complexion. For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers.